

**THE PACIFIC  
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**Commercial Advertiser.**

The following complete lines were found in the Louisville *Journal*, and are copied verbatim. The editor says — We do not take any pride in placing them, without extracting how beautiful they are.

My soul thy sacred image keeps,

My midnight dreams are all of thee;

For nature then in silence sleeps,

And silent hours over land and sea;

Oh! in that still, mystic hour,

How sweetly seems to me I start,

To see the but a lone star.

Then cherished fondly did my heart,

Those last each thought and dream of mine —

How I in turn one thought of thee?

Ever since my dreams shall be,

Whatever may be my fortune here;

I ask not love — I claim from thee,

Only one hour — a gentle tear;

May ever blest vision from above —

Pay gently round thy happy heart,

And let me sleep in thy soft love —

Never from thy bosom depart,

Farewell! my dreams are still of thee —

Hast thou one tender thought of me?

My joy like summer birds may be,

My hope like summer birds depart,

But then a flower that cannot die,

The holy memory in my heart,

Then cherished fondly did my heart,

Those last each thought and dream of mine —

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